

The North Carolina Standard.

THOMAS LORING,
Editor and Proprietor.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION OF THE STATES.....THEY "MUST BE PRESERVED."

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TERMS.

THE STANDARD is published weekly, at three dollars per annum—payable half-yearly in advance; but it will be necessary for those living at a distance, or out of the State, to pay an entire year in advance. A subscriber failing to give notice of his desire to discontinue at the expiration of the period for which he may have paid, will be considered as having subscribed anew, and the paper continued, at the option of the Editor, until ordered to be stopped; but no paper will be discontinued, until all arrearages are paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Not exceeding sixteen lines, will be inserted one time for one dollar; and, twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion; those of greater length in proportion. If the number of insertions be not marked on them, they will be continued until ordered out.

Court Advertisements, and Sheriffs' Sales will be charged 25 per cent. higher than the usual rates.

A deduction of 33-1-3 per cent. will be made to those who advertise by the year.

Letters to the Editor must come free of postage, or they may not be attended to.

PICKLED HERRINGS.

40 BARRELS HERRINGS, for sale by W. & A. SMITH.
July 26. 141-3t.

A TEACHER WANTED.

TO TEACH in a private family, in the vicinity of RALEIGH. One acquainted with the ENGLISH and LATIN languages will receive a reasonable compensation, and endeavors will be made to render his situation agreeable. Apply to the Editor of the Standard, in person, or by letter, post paid.
July 26. 143-4t.

NEW STORE,

AND
BOOT AND SHOE
MANUFACTORY.

THE SUBSCRIBER having purchased the entire STOCK of SHOES and MATERIALS of Mr. JAMES NEWTON, has removed to the Store formerly occupied by him, on FAYETTEVILLE STREET.

He is now prepared to execute all orders in his line, with greater promptness and despatch than formerly.

Having a number of first rate WORKMEN in his employ, and a stock of good MATERIALS, he can assure the Public that none need go further than RALEIGH to be suited for neatness and durability in any article in his line.

He will keep constantly on hand, a supply of Ladies and Gentlemen's SHOES, of every description, (Northern work as well as his own Manufacture,) which will be sold at a very small advance. He respectfully requests them to give him a call.

In returning his thanks for the liberal support he has received, he hopes still, by his attention to business and his desire to please, to merit that confidence and support which has hitherto been given to him.

HENRY PORTER.

July 26, 1837. 143-4t.

Proposals for Indian Rifles.

OFFICE INDIAN AFFAIRS, July 21, 1837.
SEALED PROPOSALS will be received at this Office until the hour of 12 o'clock, M. on the 1st day of September next, for furnishing, for the use of emigrant Indians, 4,500 RIFLES. The proposals must be endorsed "Proposals for furnishing Indian Rifles," and must be accompanied by a pattern gun of each kind proposed to be furnished.

The rifles wanted, are such as have heretofore been furnished to emigrating Indians. They may be described, in general terms, as carrying balls of which a pound of lead will make not less than FORTY-FIVE, nor more than ONE HUNDRED, and must be of a length and weight corresponding properly with the size of the ball. Each gun is to be accompanied by moulds, wiper, and such other implements as are necessary to make a complete equipment.

Each rifle to be enclosed in a first rate woollen cover, securely packed in strong boxes, with not less than twenty nor more than twenty-five in each box.

One third to be delivered in six, one third in nine, and the remaining third in twelve months from the day of closing the contract. They must be delivered in New York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore, or at such other City or Town as may be determined on by this Office; not to be, however, at a greater or more expensive distance from the contractor than the most distant of the above named Cities. All expenses of boxing, drayage, storage, &c. until delivered as above to an authorized Agent of the Government at such point in the designated City or Town as may be hereafter determined on by this Office, and all expenses of inspection, proof, &c. to be borne by the contractor.

Seventy-five per cent. of the amount due for each delivery will be paid upon the production of the proper evidence of reception by the Agent aforesaid. The remaining twenty-five per cent. will not be paid until the contract is complied with.

The bids and pattern guns will be examined and compared, and the Proposals decided on at this Office, on or before the 1st day of October next. In this examination and comparison, an officer of the Ordnance Department will assist. Before any rifles are received, they will be rigidly and thoroughly inspected, and proved by an officer of the same Department; they will not be received, unless they conform in all respects to the patterns.

The right to increase or diminish the number of rifles to be furnished, or of rejecting all the bids if deemed too high, is reserved. The bid or bids, which may, under all the circumstances, be best for the Government, will be accepted. Bids for any number not less than 500 will be received.

Contracts will be entered into, and bonds, with satisfactory security for their faithful fulfilment on the part of the contractor, will be required. Each bid must be accompanied by the names of the persons proposed as securities. If not known to this Office, their sufficiency must be satisfactorily established.

C. A. HARRIS,

Commissioner.

Washington City, July 26, 1837. 143-5t.

LOOK OUT!!!

LOST by the Subscriber, on the 13th inst. between his residence in Granville, and Chalk Level, a Black Figured POCKET BOOK, containing the following Money, Bonds, &c. A fifty dollar Note on the Virginia Bank, (I think the Farmer's Bank,) also, a considerable roll of Cape Fear Bills, the exact amount not recollected; One Promissory note on Thomas L. Williams, \$550, with a credit thereon of \$160; one on R. Mosby & E. Tanny, of \$350; also, one on Wm. Hargrave, Wm. Somerville, Wm. Burwell, Drury Morrow and Charles R. Eaton Commissioners appointed to build the Tabernacle Church, also a great many papers and receipts, and only valuable to the owner. I do hereby warn all persons from trading for the aforesaid bonds. Any information of said Pocket Book will be thankfully received, and a liberal compensation will be given if wished.

J. W. BULLOCK.

July 26. 143-3t.

A BALL

WILL be furnished at Shocco Springs, on Thursday, the 15th of August. Good Music will be provided on the occasion.
July 26. 143-3t.

JOHN BRAGG, Attorney at Law, Mobile Alabama. As J. B. will practice in the UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT at Mobile, he will attend to the speedy collection of all claims that may be due to persons in other States, in any part of South Alabama.
Mobile, Nov. 10, 1835. 106-4t.

MISS MARTINEAU'S SOCIETY IN AMERICA.

The following account of Miss Martineau's visit to this country, is from the introduction to her book.

At the close of a long work, which I completed in 1834, it was thought desirable that I should travel for two years. I determined to go to the United States, chiefly because I felt a strong curiosity to witness the actual working of republican institutions; and partly because the circumstance of the language being the same as my own, is very important to one who like myself, is too deaf to enjoy any thing like an average opportunity of obtaining a correct knowledge, where intercourse is carried on in a foreign language. I went with a mind, I believe, as nearly as possible unprejudiced about America, with a strong disposition to admire democratic institutions, but an entire ignorance how far the people of the United States lived up to, or fell below, their own theory. I had read whatever I could lay hold of, that had been written about them; but was unable to satisfy myself that, after all, I understood any thing whatever of their condition. As to knowledge of them, my mind was nearly a blank; as to opinion of their state, I did not carry the germ of one.

I landed at New York on the 19th of September, 1834; paid a short visit the next week, to Patterson, in New Jersey to see the cotton factories there, and the falls of the Passaic; and passed through New York again, on my way to stay with some friends on the banks of the Hudson, and at Stockbridge, Massachusetts. On the 6th of October, I joined some companions at Albany, with whom I travelled through the State of New York, seeing Trenton Falls, Auburn and Buffalo, to the Falls of Niagara. Here I remained nearly a week; then, after spending a few days at Buffalo, I embarked on Lake Erie, landing in the back of Pennsylvania, and travelling down through Meadville to Pittsburgh, spending a few days at each place. Then, over the Alleghenies to Northumberland, on the fork of the Susquehanna, the abode of Priestly, after his exile, and his burial place. I arrived at Northumberland on the 11th of October and left it, after visiting some villages in the neighborhood, on the 17th, for Philadelphia where I remained nearly six weeks, having very extensive intercourse with its various society. My stay at Baltimore was three weeks, and at Washington five. Congress was at that time in session, and I enjoyed peculiar opportunities of witnessing the proceedings of the Supreme Court, and both houses of Congress. I was acquainted with almost every eminent Senator and Representative, both on the administration and opposition sides; was on friendly and intimate terms with some of the Judges of the Supreme Court. I enjoyed the hospitality of the President, and of several of the heads of departments; and was, like every body else, in society from morning till night of every day, as is the custom at Washington. One day was devoted to a visit to Mount Vernon, the abode and burial place of Washington.

On the 18th of February, I arrived at Montpelier, the seat of Mr. and Mrs. Madison, with whom I spent two days, which were wholly occupied with rapid conversation; Mr. Madison's share, of which, various and to a remarkable degree, will never be forgotten by me. His clear reports of the principles and history of the Constitution of the United States, his insight into the condition, his speculations on the prospects of nations, his wise playfulness, his placid contemplation of present affairs, his abundant household anecdotes of Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson, were inculcably valuable and exceedingly delightful to me.

The intercourse which I had with Chief Justice Marshall, was of the same character, though not near so copious. Nothing in either delighted more than their hearty admiration of each other, notwithstanding some differences in their political views. They are both gone; and I now deeply feel what a privilege it is to have known them.

From Mr. Madison's I proceeded to Charlottesville, and passed two days amidst

the hospitalities of the Professors of Jefferson's University, and their families. I was astonished to learn that this institution had never before been visited by a British traveller. I can only be sorry for British travellers who have missed the pleasure. A few days more were given to Richmond, where the Virginia Legislature was in session; and then ensued a long wintry journey through North and South Carolina, to Charleston, occupying from the 2d to the 11th of March. The hospitalities of Charleston are renowned; and I enjoyed them in their perfection for a fortnight; and then a renewal of the same kind of pleasures at Columbia, South Carolina, for ten days. I traversed the southern States, staying three days at Augusta, Georgia, and nearly a fortnight in and near Montgomery, Alabama; descending next the Alabama river to Mobile. After a short stay there, and a residence of ten days at New Orleans, I went up the Mississippi and Ohio, to the mouth of the Cumberland river which I ascended to Nashville, Tennessee. I visited the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, and spent three weeks at Lexington. I descended the Ohio to Cincinnati; and after staying there ten days, ascended the river again, landing in Virginia, visiting the Hawks Nest, Sulphur Springs, Natural Bridge, Weyer's Cave, arriving at New York again on the 14th of July, 1835. The autumn was spent among the villages and smaller towns of Massachusetts, in a visit to Dr. Channing, in Rhode Island, and in an excursion to the mountains of New Hampshire and Vermont. The winter was passed in Boston, with the exception of a trip to Plymouth for 'Forefathers' Day.' In the spring I spent seven weeks in New York, and a month in a farm house at Stockbridge, Mass.; making an excursion, meanwhile, to Saratoga and Lake George. My last journey was with a party of friends far into the west, visiting Niagara again, proceeding by Lake Erie to Detroit, and across the territory of Michigan. We swept round the southern extremity of Lake Michigan to Chicago; went a long days journey down the prairies, back to Chicago, and by the Lakes Michigan, Huron, and St. Clair, to Detroit, visiting Mackinaw by the way. We landed from Lake Erie at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 13th of July, and travelled through the interior of Ohio, till we joined the river at Beaver. We visited Rapp's settlement at Economy, on the Ohio, and returned to New York from Pittsburgh, by the Canal route through Pennsylvania, and the railroad over the Alleghenies. I sailed from New York for England on 1st of August, 1836, having then been absent just two years.

In the course of this tour, I visited almost every kind of institution. The prisons of Auburn, Philadelphia, and Nashville: the insane and other hospitals of almost every place: the literary and scientific institutions; the factories of the north; the plantations of the south; the farms of the west. I lived in houses which might be called palaces, in log houses, and in a farm house. I travelled much in wagons, as well as stages; also on horseback, and in some of the best and worst steamboats. I saw weddings and christenings; the gatherings of the richer at watering places, and of the humbler at country festivals, I was present at orations, at land sales, and in the slave market. I was in frequent attendance on the Supreme Court and the Senate; and witnessed some of the proceedings of State Legislatures. Above all, I was received into the bosoms of many families, not as a stranger, but as a daughter or a sister. I am qualified, if any one is, to testify to the virtues and the peace of the homes of the United States; and let it not be thought a breach of confidence, if I should be found occasionally to have spoken of these out of the fulness of my heart.

TRIAL OF THE STRENGTH BETWEEN A QUAKER AND A HIGHLANDER.

"Ye may try the fut-road through the park," said Ian's host; "but dsake, man, tak' care an' no meet the laird, for he's an awfu' chiel, though he be a Quaker; and gif ye do meet him, I rauken that ye'll jist hae to come ye're ways back again. 'Fat for she do tat?' demanded Ian. 'Ou, he's terrible man the laird,' continued the landlord. 'What think ye?—there was ae night that a poor tinkler body had putten his bit pouney into one of the laird's enclosures, that it might get a sly rig of the grass. A weel, the laird comes out in the mornin', an' the moment he spied the beast, he ga'ed tilt like anther Samson, and he lifted it up in his arms and flang it clean out owre the dyke. As sure as out gif ye meets you, an' he disna throw you owre the dyke, he'll gar ye gang ilke fit o' the road back again.' 'Tuis! she'll try,' replied Ian. Soon after sunrise, Ian took the forbidden path and he had pursued it without molestation for a considerable way, when he heard some one hollering after him, and turning his head to look back, he beheld a gentleman whom he at once guessed to be the laird, hurrying up to him. 'Soldier!' cried Mr. Barclay. 'I allow no one to go this way, so thou must turn thee back.' 'She be sorry tat she has anghered her honour,' said Ian, bowing submissively, 'but troth it be owre far a gate to gang back noo.' 'Far gate or short gate, friend back thou must go,' said Mr. Barclay. 'Hoot na! she canna gang back,' said Ian. 'But thou must go back, friend,' said the laird. 'Troth, she wunna gang back,' replied Ian. 'But thou must go back I tell thee,' said the laird, 'and if thou wilt not go back peace-

bly, I'll turn thee back whither thou wilt or not.' 'Hoot, toot, she be no fit to turn her back,' said Ian, with one of his broad, good-humoured grins. 'I'll try,' said the laird, laying his hands on Ian's shoulders, to carry his threat into execution. 'An' she be for tat,' said Ian, 'let her lay down her wallet, an' she'll see whuthur she can gar her turn or no.' 'By all means, good friend,' said the laird, who enjoyed a thing of the kind beyond all measure. 'Off with thy wallet, then. Far be it from me to take an unseemly advantage of thee.' The wallet being quietly deposited on the ground, to it they went; but ere they had well buckled together, Ian put down the laird beside the wallet with the same ease that he had put down the wallet itself. 'Hal cried the laird, as much overcome with surprise at a defeat which he had never before experienced, as he had been by the strength that had produced it. 'Thou didst take me too much o' the sudden, friend; but give me fair play. Let me up, and I will essay to wrestle with thee again.' 'Weel, weel,' said Ian coolly, 'she may take her ain laizier to rise, for her nanesell has plenty o' sun afore her or night.' 'Come on, then,' said Mr. Barclay, grappling again with his antagonist, and putting forth all his strength, which Ian allowed him full time to exert against him, whilst, in defiance of it all, he stood firm and unshaken as a rock. 'Noo!—down she goes again!' said Ian, deliberately prostrating the laird a second time, 'an' gif tat be na enough, she'll put her doon tat time, see tat she'll no need nae mair putten toon.' 'No, no,' said the laird, panting, and notwithstanding his defeat, much delighted not only with the exercise he had had, but that he had at last discovered so potent an antagonist. 'No, no, friend! enough for this bout. I own that you art the better man. This is the first time that my back was laid on the grass. Come away with me, good fellow—thou shalt go home with me.'—Sir T. Dick Lauder's Highland Rambles.

FROM THE BOSTON POST.

Cutting a Joke; or "All's Well that Ends Well."—A Capital Farce in Six Scenes.—Dramatis Personae.—Samuel A. Gooding, driver and proprietor of an elegant new hackney coach, and Robert Johnson, John Harris, and William Peterman, three young larks on a spree. Scene 1st.—Friday Night.—The front of the Lion Theatre.—The Larks are seen coming out of the Theatre—then in confab with Coachee—a bargain is struck for a trip to Brighton.—The Coach drives off, with the Larks inside.

Scene 2d.—The Coach halts at Porter's—the Larks descend with great caution—for the motion of the Coach—(nothing else could positively have done it)—has agitated their nerves, and the horizontal area appears to be an inclined plane, the inclination of which is ever-varying—as they get down, one by one, a barber on the opposite side of the street, strikes up, on his flute, the air—"Such a getting up stairs!"

Scene 3d.—Porter's supper table—the Larks in a high state of salubrity—"O'er all the ills of life victorious." Scene 4th.—The Larks come into the bar-room, and call for Coachee—tell him where to drive them to their boarding house—Steady, Steady's the word—their nerves are temporarily in fine train—into the coach they bolt—the door is fastened—Coachee mounts, and away they dash for Boston.

Scene 4th.—Coachee hauls up, according to order—dismounts—opens the coach door—finds the Larks, happy souls, fast bound in the embraces of Morpheus—thinks about arousing them—proceeds to perform his benevolent purpose, when, horrid to behold, but, alas, too late, he discovers that they have cut—yes, cut—the linings and cushions of his new coach to pieces.—For one second Coachee raises his left fore-finger to his left temple—in the other he held the handle of the door, and his whip—Awful pause, ominous of evil. Speechless he stands—he swears not by Heaven, the Throne, nor by the Earth, the Footstool—the dread Third Commandment leaves he, too, inviolate—nay, not even the Watch calls he, man of matchless moderation—"mild as a summer morn"—cool as a cucumber. Hush—hush—he moves a point, and his eyes are fixed in the direction of Leverett-street—they glisten with a happy thought—a brilliant compensation—his left fore-finger drops from his temple, and passes to the right side of his chin—his left thumb is placed upon the left side—the finger and thumb are drawn slowly together till they meet on the centre of the chin—with a quick motion, the hand is then withdrawn, and formed into a fist, with the thumb and finger upward—his lips move—"I'll be shot if I don't do that thing," drops from him. He shuts the door—mounts his box, and drives off.

Scene 5th.—The Coach halts in front of Leverett-street Jail—the jail watchman, all muffled up, hails—"Who's there?" "Three prisoners," replied the Coachee, now dismounted, and opening the coach door. "By whose orders are they to be committed?" inquires him of the jail. "I take the responsibility," exclaims Coachee, striking a grand Old Hickory attitude. As they are being tumbled out the Larks seem sensible that they are going to their own lodgings. The bolts are fastened upon them—the coach drives off—and all around is as serene as moonlight. Scene 6th.—Saturday Morning—the

dungeon—the Larks wake up about Nine—a Deputy Sheriff is standing by, with a Common Pleas writ in his hand, from which he reads, that he is commanded to take their bodies, or property, to answer for their wanton destruction of the Coach. They desire time for "a little cool reflection," and to consider the expediency of joining a Temperance Society. The officers withdraw—and the bolts are again pushed into their envious receptacles.—[The curtain drops.]

FROM THE GLOBE.

THE DEMOCRACY OF NUMBERS.

The extract from the London bankers' circular, at the head of our columns, is a most precious confession. It was doubtless, made in all frankness and sincerity, and we owe to those who made it, credit for the manliness of their avowal. The friends of the bank at home would have deemed it highly impolitic to come out with the downright confession that the bank has no alliance, no common interest, with the "democracy of numbers."

Their friends in the same interest abroad have indiscreetly told the truth; indiscreetly, at least, so far as the people at home are concerned. It is enough for us that they have given judgment by confession to one of the heaviest charges we have brought against them.

"This same 'democracy of numbers' is a fearful thing in the eyes of the opposition. From the foundation of the Government to the present time, it has been the mightiest enemy with which federalism and modern whiggery have had to cope. It was resisted from the beginning; and notwithstanding it's almost constant triumphs, it is resisted still. At first, the issue seemed doubtful. The 'aristocracy of wealth' seemed to have the vantage ground. In most of the States a property qualification was necessary to entitle a person to express his opinions at the polls, in reference to the choice of public servants. Property was—to use the language of our opponents—"the test of merit," and the test of political intelligence."

There was then a good deal of learned doubt amongst the gentlemen composing the "aristocracy of wealth," whether the people were capable of self-government; whether they knew how to take care of themselves; and it was very wisely concluded that it was the very best thing in the world to save them this trouble, inasmuch as they might work themselves mischief by meddling with matters which they did not understand. Gouverneur Morris proclaimed, that it was the duty of a patriot "to save the people from their worst enemies, themselves;" and most ardently did the federalists strive to bring about this measure of salvation. When, in after years, democratic principles had secured a strong foothold, and the doctrine of universal suffrage began to be discussed in some of the States, with what holy horror was this new innovation regarded!

The federalists believed, or affected to believe, that anarchy would follow so bold an innovation; that no man's property would be safe; and that tumult and licentiousness would every where prevail. "The experiment was tried: 'the democracy of numbers' came forth in its strength. No very terrible results followed; no man's property was wrested from him by force; no tyrannical laws were passed; no tumults ensued; and the rule of the "democracy of numbers" was found to be as quiet, orderly, and safe, as that which prevailed during the brief political prosperity of its opponents.

It was in reference to this power, that Mr. Biddle indulged in such beautiful figures of speech in his Princeton oration. "This was the 'vulgar rule' to which he alluded; and it was in reference to men belonging to this party that he referred, when he spoke of the banditti who were to be scourged back to their caverns, and reclaimed by the prisons and penitentiaries. The courtly "American," when it spoke a few days ago of the "anarchy, miscalled democracy," alluded to the same power as that referred to by the London bankers. Anarchy, forsooth! Even anarchy is better than the despotism which would be fastened on us by an irresponsible institution, whose political influence is avowed by its own friends to be "prodigious," and whose interests are admitted to have no alliance with those of the people at large.

Will the advocates of a national bank presume to question the fidelity of the portrait which their own friends have drawn? They may deem the avowal imprudent and impolitic, but will they dare to deny its truth, and insist that their friends abroad have given an exaggerated picture? After this confession, made with due forethought, published with proper solemnity, and republished here without comment, and with a tacit admission of its correctness, will they presume to insist that the bank has any interest in common with that of the people at large, and ask for its recharter by Congress, as a blessing to the country? The British bankers' circular rises in judgment against them. It is a spirit which they called to their aid to effect a temporary purpose, but which when once raised, they will find beyond their power to lay. It is an unlucky matter for them to have indiscreet friends, who will occasionally confess the truth at unseasonable times and places, and they will pray to be released from such friends for the future. They have no alliance, no common interest, with the "democracy of numbers." The "democracy of

numbers" thank them for the admission, and promise that existing relations on this point shall not be disturbed. No such alliance can be formed on terms of reciprocity. To use the language of a noted statesman, "the reciprocity would all be on one side." The protection to be derived from it would be like that "which vultures give to lambs." They admit that the connection is an unnatural one. Let not, then, the outrage of forming it be committed.

FROM THE ST. LOUIS COMMERCIAL BULLETIN. WESTERN ANTIQUITIES.

Every day we see some account of discoveries made in different parts of the United States. Splendid caverns in Arkansas rivaling the famed grotto of Antiparos—petrified warriors and dogs amongst the Alleghany mountains—ruins of a magnificent City on the shores of the lakes—and many other wonderful things have been brought to light by men who seem to have devoted their time and means to such researches.

We heartily wish that some such antiquarian spirit would rise amongst us. It would find ample materials wherewith to gratify its own curiosity and that of the public. Even in the county of St. Louis there are many spots which are worthy of this kind of research. We know the fact that on the River des Peres, at the distance of about seven miles from this City, there are a number of graves, which, from all appearance, seem to have existed there for centuries. They are on a high bluff, near whose base the stream passes, and from their length, they would seem to be the tenements of men who were far superior in size to those of the present day.

On the shores of the Maramee river, near the town of Fenton, there was an immense cemetery, containing several thousand graves, all of them remarkably small, the largest of them not exceeding four feet in length. The cemetery is now enclosed and cultivated, so that the graves are no longer visible. We have seen several articles which were found in the field, having been overturned by the ploughshare.—Amongst the articles were several pieces of earthenware remarkably well executed; and, particularly, a lower jaw-bone, in size that of a child two years old, but containing the teeth of a man of forty. We were informed that before the cemetery was enclosed and cultivated, there could be seen at many of the graves head and foot stones with inscriptions on them which none could understand.

We recollect to have seen a statement of these facts in some paper a few years ago, but nothing was elicited beyond a mere wonder.

Might not a little research at the places we have named be productive of something new in natural history, or throw some light upon the history of the country?

MOST HORRIBLE.

A WOMAN GORED TO DEATH BY A BULL.—We find the following in the Montreal Transcript. It relates to the death of a Mrs. Young of Ormstown, on the Chateaugay River, Canada.

The unfortunate sufferer was we understand the widow of a farmer of that name, but continued to reside upon the land, to derive from it such return as the industry, and labor of herself and a daughter could procure. She raised a bull calf on account of his beauty, which having been familiarised with his mistress ever since his birth, and having always been fed by her hand, displayed a natural attachment by no means displeasing to Mrs. Young, whom he followed about the farm like a dog. The animal is a little more than two years old. Towards the end of last week he had, as usual, accompanied the cows to the home-stead, and they were fastened in the cow-house, when Mrs. Young and her daughter proceeded thither, to milk them. On entering the building the girl proceeded to the far end, to milk the cow fastened there, and the loose bull advanced with his usual familiarity to Mrs. Young, who pushed him aside with the pail she carried in her hand. The animal immediately turned ed upon her, and with the first thrust of his horn penetrated the abdomen, and violently raising his head ripped her body in the most shocking manner. He immediately fled to the yard, carrying upon his horns a small fragment of the clothing, and a portion of the reeking entrails of his victim; here he tossed and shook his head in a most frantic manner, and roaring returned to make a second charge upon the hapless Mrs. Young. By this time, however, the daughter had seized the pitchfork, with which she gallantly faced the animal, and after a long struggle, and two or three very successful stabs at the head of her antagonist she fairly beat him from her purpose. Her first care was now her unfortunate mother, who, with such assistance as she could give, was with much difficulty removed to the house, where, after a night passed in inexpressible torture, she died the following morning.

A SHORT DIALOGUE.—John—I can marry any girl I please.

Tom—Yes because you can't please any girl.

Joe—He had better get a little gall an' try.

Nice, Fine, Beautiful.—"Give us old Vermont yet," said the game chicken "for true religion, beautiful women, fine sheep, and good timber for shingles."